To the Memory of the

ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE GEORGE Duke of Buckingham.

WHen the dread Summons of *Commanding Fate*
Sounds the *Laſt Call* at ſome proud Palace-Gate,
When both the *Rich*, the *Fair*, the *Great*, and *High*,
Fortunes moſt darling Favourits muſt dye;
Strait at th' Alar'm the buſie *Heraulds* wait
To fill the *Solemn Pomp*, and *Mourn in State*:
Scutcheons and Sables then make up the Show,
Whilſt on the Herſe the mourning Streamers flow,
With all the rich Magnificence of Woe.
If *Common Greatneſs* theſe juſt *Rights* can Claim,
What *Nobler Train* muſt wait on *Buckingham*!
When ſo much *Witt*, *Witt*'s Great Reformer, dyes,
The very *Muſes* at thy *Obſequies*,
(The *Muſes* that melodious cheerful *Quire*,
Whom *Miſery* could nere untune, nor tire,

But chirp in *Rags*, and ev'n in *Dungeons* ſing,
Now with their broken Notes, and flagging Wing,
To thy ſad *Dirge* their murm'ring *Plaints* ſhall bring.
Witt, and *Witt's god*, for *Buckingham* ſhall mourn,
And His lov'd *Laurell* into *Cypreſs* turn.

Nor ſhall the *Nine ſad Siſters* only keep
This mourning Day: even *Time* himſelf ſhall weep,
And in new Brine his hoary ſurrows ſteep.
Time that ſo much muſt thy great Debtor be
As to have borrow'd even new *Life* from Thee;
Whilſt thy gay Witt has made his ſullen Ghoſt
And tedious Hours with new-born *Raptures* paſs.

What tho' black *Envy* with her ranc'rous Tongue,
And angry *Poets* in embitter'd Song
(Whilſt to new tracks thy boundleſs Soul aſpires)
Charge thee with roving Change, and wandring Fires
Envy more baſe did never *Virtue* wrong;
Thy *Witt*, a Torrent for the Banks too ſtrong,
In twenty ſmaller Rills o're-flow'd the Dam,
Tho' the *main Channel* ſtill was *Buckingham*.

Let Care the buſie *Stateſman* overwhelm,
Tugging at th' Oar, or drudging at the Helm.
With labring Pain ſo half-foul'd Pilots plod,
Great *Buckingham* a ſprightlier Meaſure trod:
When o're the mounting *Waves* the Veſſel rod,
Unſhock'd by Toyls, by Tempeſts undiſmay'd,
Steer'd the *Great Bark*, and as that danc'd, He play'd.

Nor

Nor bounds thy Praise to *Albions* narrow Coast,
Thy Gallantry shall Forreign Nations boast,
The *Gallick* Shore with all the Trumps of Fame
To endless Ages shall resound thy Name.
VVhen *Buckingham* Great *CHARLES* Embassador,
VVith such a *Port* the *Royal Image* bore,
So near the Life th' *Imperial Copy* drew,
As even the Mighty *Louis* could not View
VVith *Wonder* only, but with *Envy* too.
His very *Fleur-de-Liz*'es fainting Light
Half droopt to see the *English Rose* so bright.
Let *Groveling Minds* of Natures basest mould
Hug and Adore their deerest Idol, *Gold:*
Thy Nobler Soul did the weak Charms defie,
Disdain'd the *Earthy Dross* to mount more High.
VVhilst *Humbler Merit* on Court-Smiles depends
For the *Gilt Show'r* in which their *Jove* descends;
Thou mount'st to Honour for a Braver End;
VVhat others borrow, Thou cam'st there to lend:
Did'st sacred Virtues naked Self adore,
And left'st her Portion for her sordid woer;
The poorer Miser how dost thou outshine,
He the *worlds Slave*, but Thou hast made it thine:
Great *Buckingham*'s Exalted Character
That in the Prince liv'd the Philosopher.
Thus all the wealth thy Generous Hand has spent
Shall Raise thy *Everlasting Monument.*

So

So the fam'd *Phœnix* builds her dying Neſt
Of all the richeſt Spices of the *Eaſt* :
Then the heap'd Maſs prepar'd for a kind Ray
Some warmer *Beam* of the *Great God of Day*,
Do's in one hallow'd Conflagration burn,
A precious Incenſe to her *Funeral Urn.*
So Thy bright Blaze felt the ſame funeral Doom,
A wealthyer Pile then old *Mauſolus* Tomb.
Only too Great, too Proud to imitate
The poorer *Phœnix* more Ignoble Fate,
Thy *Matchleſs Worth* all Succeſſors defies,
And ſcorn'd an Heir ſhould from thy Aſhes riſe :
Begins and finiſhes that Glorious Sphear
Too Mighty for a Second Charioteer.

FINIS.

This may be Printed, R. P.

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